

# THE Christian Monitor.

VOLUME 1.]

RICHMOND, VA. MARCH 2, 1816.

[NUMBER 55.]

[The following Review of a poem, known to many of our readers, will, we are sure, be acceptable. LORD BYRON is a man of genius and a poet—His writings are in a high degree popular. It is important that their moral tendency should be well understood.]

*The Giaour, a Fragment of a Turkish Tale.*  
By LORD BYRON. 5th Edition, with considerable additions. London, 1813.

IF any edict were issued to incarcerate this particular poem, something after the manner of the unfortunate female whose history it records, we should be well content to have it in its prison, instead of blazoning it upon the page of criticism. But the state of things is widely different. The "Childe Harold" was sure to secure a pretty general reading for any poetical production of Lord Byron's. That poem was recommended to multitudes by its genius; to some, by its irreligion; to others, by its accurate delineation of the feelings and passions of a class of characters always abounding in a luxurious country; to some, by its insolent contempt of established opinions and institutions; to the bad, by its occasional sensualism; to the good, by its exemplification of the misery of vice, and by certain passages in which lofty truths were conveyed in masculine and elevated language. It was a robe of many colors, and had a patch for almost every eye. Thus constituted for popularity, it was abundantly read, criticised, applauded, and condemned; and naturally left all parties in a posture of mind, to read, criticise, condemn, or applaud any other gift the noble author might be pleased to lay upon the altar of literature. Accordingly, the *Giaour* was no sooner issued than bought up. Edition trod upon the heels of edition; and before we

had time to determine whether we ought to review it, the fifth with large additions (we wish we could add subtractions) is laid upon our table. Though several motives, therefore, would have induced us not to notice the work, we can no longer be silent under the perpetually reiterated question, "How do you like the *Giaour*?" We wish the answer could be made as brief as the query; but as it cannot, our readers will bear with us in a reply, which we promise to make as little prolix as possible.—We shall first add a few observations to those we before offered, on the excellences and defects of his Lordship's muse and mind, and then proceed to illustrate them by some extracts from the poem before us.

One great attraction in Lord Byron is the strength and nature of his coloring. We conceive that few poets ever put their readers in more complete possession of a country they have never seen, than his Lordship of the coasts, country, and population of Greece. And this end he accomplishes not by a labored and minute exposition of particulars, but by a few simple touches, which at once seize and display the characteristic features of the landscape. The poem before us exhibits a striking proof of this peculiar power in the description of modern Greece, part of which we shall hereafter present to our readers.

Another feature of attraction in his Lordship's composition, is the habit of associating moral sentiments with the scenery before him. Lord Byron is by no means a mere spectator or artist, as he treads amidst the wonders of nature or the relics of genius. He pauses at every spot calculated to awaken the stronger affections of the mind. Studying the dumb language of the landscape, he extracts, not indeed the best lesson

which it is calculated to teach, but one which at least produces considerable excitement: he thus allies matter to mind—and finds “tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks;” though he fails, as a happier constitution of mind would have enabled him, to find “sermons in stones, and good in every thing.”—There is the sort of difference between Lord Byron and Thompson, for instance, that there is between Tacitus and Livy. Though he sometimes, we venture to say, makes the landscape talk nonsense, and sometimes a species of sense to which nonsense would be preferable, still it is generally eloquent in his hands. In this busy and thinking age, such a quality as this cannot fail to constitute a title to popularity. Many who have no time merely to look, rejoice to look and think in the same glance.

A third attraction of Lord Byron's poetry, is the extraordinary vigor of his language. This quality also adapts the author for a busy age. Poetry is designed to teach by pleasing; and nothing is likely to please which occupies more time than the reader can safely or comfortably give. Now the noble Lord will very rarely try his patience, or detain him long from worthier pursuits. In the present instance, indeed, he has so extravagantly accommodated himself to the perpetual hurry of the days we live in, as utterly to omit all those parts of the poem which he conceives would be least interesting; to build a fabric of picturesque fragments; to present us, in imitation we suppose of one of the Roman epicures, with a dish exclusively of singing birds. Now, on this score we cannot defend either his judgment or taste. We cannot bring ourselves to think the shattered skeleton of a regiment quite as fine a spectacle as a complete regiment. Nor should we independently of the associations which ruins may bring along with them, be disposed to lavish the same praise upon the fragment of the Pantheon as upon the Pantheon itself. The fact is, that it is these very associations which bestow at least one half of the picturesque effect upon the relics of antiquity. It is not simply the “marble waste” of ancient Athens we admire; but no sooner does the eye survey its dilapidated grandeur, than a procession of lofty and affecting

visions pass before us. We seem to see the heroes who fought and died beside the altar of Liberty. Amidst the groves and porches, the scattered memorials and relics of Grecian wisdom, we seem again to hear the voice of Socrates and Plato. It is not the dumb ruins which charm us; it is the spirits which appear to walk among them; it is the mighty scenes and images which they conjure up; it is the train of magnificent ideas they suggest to the mind; it is the admiration they awaken in us of men shut out from the glorious light of revelation, who struggled in many instances so hard and so successfully to discover truth amidst the falsehoods and absurdities of their monstrous superstition. But, if this be true, that the beauty of ruins is to be sought in the associations which they create, then the man who erects a ruin wholly mistakes the real source of the gratification they afford. It suggests no train of feelings; awakens neither admiration nor melancholy; excites no wish, either to imitate the good, or to escape the crimes and calamities of the bad. And such, we contend, is precisely the case with artificial fragments in poetry. They suggest to us no feeling but those of suspicion and inquiry, whether a want of skill in the artist to produce an entire edifice did not compel him to erect a half-one. Imperfection is no part of the sublime or beautiful. If a wise man stutters, it is because he cannot speak plain: if he limps, it is because he has not the free use of his limbs. And ruins, deprived of their associations, are defective just to the amount in which they fall short of a whole. Symmetry, harmony, completeness, have their associations also—but, with these, ruins can have nothing to do.—But we have insensibly wandered from general praise of Lord Byron's poetry, to the condemnation of a particular example of it: and have thus forestalled one of our future objections. The praise of vigor and condensation of expression, which we had begun to bestow upon him, he undoubtedly deserves. It must be owned, indeed, that he roams far and wide for his masculine words; that he is frequently coarse in aiming to be strong, and sometimes obscure in laboring to be magnificent. But still he has succeeded in conveying strong ideas



in Herculean language. It is somewhat singular that it should be possible to express sentiments more briefly and strongly in verse, artificially constructed, than in prose: and yet such is the fact. Pope states it as one of his reasons for putting the *Essay on Man* into verse, that he could not otherwise attain to the same condensation and brevity. And it certainly is a chosen office of poetry to compress weighty sentiments into a small space: to absorb the current coin, which like the Spartan money, has much bulk and little value; and to issue its own notes, by which a man may carry his fortune in his waistcoat pocket. Lord Byron is in this sense a better poet, perhaps, than any of his contemporaries. We heartily wish, that the sentiments he has thus enshrined in his vigorous language, were not often more worthy of forgetfulness than preservation; to be kept as cinders in the urn, rather than as mummies in their cases. But here the opinions of the author are evidently more in fault than his skill.

We have now pretty much exhausted our topics of commendation: our Review of *Childe Harold* will shorten the catalogue of his faults. Something, however, justice, morality, and good taste require of us.

When we say that *justice* requires some notice of his poetical misdemeanors, it is partly from the exaggerated commendations which it has pleased certain critics to bestow upon him. In the infancy of his poetical career, his Lordship had felt the fangs of that critical monster, whose brightness, fierceness, and locality entitle it to be called the *Ursa Major* of modern criticism. Having, however, handled it pretty roughly by an instrument designed for the purpose, he seems to have secured to himself a full indemnity against all future offences. He has let his rash assailants off, we conceive, only on the pledge, that like hired clappers, they shall in future praise whatever he may choose to write; reserving the loudest applause for the most manifest faults. Nothing but this can explain their laborious defence of "fragments." Nothing but this can, we think, account for their unbounded eulogy of a poem which more unrestrained critics will be apt to deem a somewhat opaque mass of images and sentiments, streaked

here and there by the lights of genuine poetry.

The offences against "*morality*" in the poem are almost innumerable. It is rather peculiar to Lord Byron, among poets, as we have already had occasion to observe, to excite all the interest of his readers for thoroughly unworthy objects. We know not who is the most shameless offender against all the laws and better feelings and rights of man; the *Childe Harold*, or the *Giaour*. If the latter personage was not mad, it is devoutly to be lamented: apology there is none for offences such as his. Lord Byron is, we conceive, a man of considerable powers.—He has at all events sufficient largeness of view to discover that morality is essential to the welfare of states. By his rank, he is a constituted guardian of the state; nay, a privileged adviser of the crown itself. Let him, then, reflect upon the manner in which he is discharging his solemn function. His present distinction among his countrymen, the star of his nobility, in this; that he has endeavored to ally lofty with vicious qualities; to kindle our admiration for persons whom every honest man ought to loath: to present to our idolatry wretches at whose approach good men must tremble. We do not simply appeal to his love of fame, which we confidently believe would instruct him to aim at permanent celebrity, by appealing to the better feelings of the mind—by winning the esteem of those whose admiration he seeks;—but we appeal to his honor; to his humanity; to that "love of the people" of which he is not slow to boast; to his public spirit; to his experience of the indissoluble connection between morals and prosperity, gained amidst the prostrate cities of Greece: and we beseech him not to add himself to the infamous catalogue of those who have endeavored to make vice reputable, who have ruined their country by overthrowing its altars and expelling its gods. In some countries and ages, the names of poet and prophet have been identified. In others, poetry has been the ally of religion and morality. The two great poems of Homer were written, one to display the crime and the consequences of adultery, the other, the reward of conjugal love, and both to uphold the popular mythology. The *Æneid* records his triumphs who bore, as the cho-

men relics of his ruined fortunes, an aged father and his household gods. The strains of Tasso chaunt the obsequies of Crusaders, and the deliverance of the City of God. Of Milton, and Racine, and Cowper, we need not speak. All felt the policy, and most of them the desire, of calling out those feelings and passions which are the best relics of the fall; of enlisting the conscience on the side of their verses, and securing our love while they invited our admiration. Surely Lord Byron has no such love of innovation as to fancy that he can lay a new basis for fame, or strike out a perfectly novel system of national happiness. If not, let him be contented with the precedents of all ages. Let him not covet a celebrity, like that of him who fired the temple of Ephesus, conferred by the singularity of our vices; but those amaranthine honors which God gives, and which the world can neither give nor take away.

But the present poem offends also considerably against the canons of *taste*.—Passing over the flippancy, the puerility, and the licentiousness of some of the notes; all which qualities are so many violations of pure taste; we shall notice the faults of this kind in the poem itself. That to which we chiefly allude is the laboured similes or rather parallelisms with which the poem abounds. It is an old rule, not “to make similes run upon all fours.” The mischief of the practice is, that as no two things are alike in all points, for then they would be the same thing, he who leads us very curiously to search for points of resemblance, forces us also to notice the points of dissimilarity. Lord Byron is a capital offender upon this score; and it is the greater offence because evidently not the consequence of forgetfulness, but of labour; not of accident, but premeditation.

Another defect in the present poem is, its occasional inaccuracy of language. If some parts of the work did not convince us of the ease and fluency with which the author writes, we should be tempted to attribute his inaccuracies to a want of skill; but we rather imagine that his industry is more in fault than his powers of composition.

Having thus noted a few of the excellences and faults of the poetry of Lord

Byron, we shall proceed to give a slight sketch of the Giaour, and to make some extracts from it confirmatory of our preceding observations.

Giaour is the Turkish word for an infidel, be he a real Christian, or a profligate ruffian, like this particular Giaour. In the serai of an emir of the name of Hassan, is a female of the name of Leila, whom the Giaour, to show his abhorrence we apprehend of Mohammedanism, and his zeal for the true religion, proceeds to seduce. Hassan discovers the attachment, and, in a paroxysm of jealous rage, wraps her in a sheet, rows her out to sea, and plunges her into the devouring waters. Having thus satiated his revenge, he proceeds to console himself under his loss by wooing another lady. But little knows he what is to be anticipated from the fury of a Christian of Lord Byron's creation. On his journey, he is beset and assassinated by the Giaour. The murderer, for such in plain prose he appears to us to be, sick of the world and himself, lacerated by his passions, haunted by the visions of former joys, friendless and unprincipled, retires to a monastery—not indeed to lay to his wounded bosom the balm of religion, not to master his passions or propitiate his God, but to rave amidst its shades and cells on the charms of Leila, on the crime of Hassan, and on the extreme purity and propriety of his own conduct. In his dying moments, he discloses to a venerable friar the history of his stormy life, and makes the confession, which, perhaps, the friar would have done as well, in conformity with the obligations of his order, to have kept from the world. Such is the tale, for a brief statement of which we beg our readers to remember their obligations to ourselves; as the readers of Lord Byron by no means make themselves masters of it in the same space of time or with the same degree of labour. The story itself is such as evidently admits of a good deal of poetical ornament; and though a bad poet could make nothing of it, a good one might, Lord Byron does, make a great deal. There are parts of the poem, which, if our admiration were not disturbed by the constant extravagance of the sentiments, and the want of nature and keeping in the characters, we should be tempt-



ed to rank high amidst the best specimens of poetic skill.

The first quotation we shall give is illustrative alike of the genius and the incorrect taste of the author.

"He who hath bent him o'er the dead  
Ere the first day of death is fled;  
The first dark day of nothingness,  
The last of danger and distress;  
(Before decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)  
And marked the mild angelic air—  
The rapture of repose that's there—  
The fixed yet tender traits that streak  
The langour of the placid cheek,  
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,  
That fires not—wins not—weeps not—now;  
And but for that chill changeless brow  
Where cold obstruction's apathy  
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,  
As if to him it could impart  
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon—  
Yes—but for these and these alone,  
Some moments—aye—one treacherous hour,  
He still might doubt the tyrant's power,  
So fair—so calm—so softly seal'd  
The first—last look—by death reveal'd!  
Such is the aspect of this shore—  
'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!  
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
We start—for soul is wanting there.  
Her's is the loveliness of death,  
That parts not quite with parting breath;  
But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—  
Expression's last receding ray,  
A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
The farewell beam of feeling past away!  
Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly  
birth—  
Which gleams—but warms no more its che-  
rish'd earth!" p. 4.

This fine passage is followed by a lofty address to the prostrate cities of Greece; cities prostrated (let his Lordship remember) chiefly by the licentious indulgences of the people. Indeed he himself proclaims this source of their ruin:

"Enough; no foreign foe could quell  
Thy soul, till from itself it fell,  
And self-abasement paved the way  
To villain bonds, and despot sway"

Turning, however, from the melancholy ruins of Grecian grandeur, the bard soon enters upon his tale.

"Who thundering comes on blackest  
steed?" It is the Giaour: and then follows an awful and powerful portrait of him, as he first hesitates, and then rush-

es on to the murder of Hassan. After a splendid picture by anticipation of the palace of Hassan, before and after his death, the story suddenly goes back to the procession, conveying the sheeted Leila to her watery grave. The immersion of the body is well described, p. 20.

"Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank,  
The calm wave rippled to the bank;  
I watched it as it sank—methought  
Some motion from the current caught  
Bestirr'd it more,—'twas but the beam  
That chequer'd o'er the living stream—  
I gazed, till vanishing from view,  
Like lessening pebble it withdrew;  
Still less and less, a speck of white  
That gemm'd the tide, then mock'd the sight;  
And all its hidden secrets sleep  
Known but to genii of the deep,  
Which trembling in their coral caves,  
They dare not whisper to the waves."

This is followed by a well-executed simile, comparing, or rather identifying, a captive butterfly with a ruined maid. The parallel is of the protracted kind of which we have complained. The comparison also wants tenderness and majesty; and, though pretty as a song, or as mere *vers de societe*, is we think, out of place where it is.

Then comes another simile also overlaboured, and somewhat obscure, but indicating the hand of a master, p. 22.

"The mind that broods o'er guilty woes,  
Is like the scorpion girt by fire,  
In circle narrowing as it glows,  
The flames around their captive close,  
Till only searched by thousand throes,  
And maddening in her ire,  
One sad and sole relief she knows,  
The sting she nourished for her foes,  
Whose venom never yet was vain,  
Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,  
And darts into her desperate brain.—  
So do the dark in soul expire,  
Or live like scorpion girt by fire;  
So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven,  
Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven,  
Darkness above, despair beneath,  
Around it flame, within it death!"

The strength of his Lordship's pencil will be discovered in the following description of one of his heroes mourning his calamities in a state of solitude. p. 47.

"Even bliss 'twere wo alone to bear;  
The heart once left thus desolate,  
Must fly at last for ease—to hate.  
It is as if the dead could feel  
The icy worm around them steal,

And shudder, as the reptiles creep  
To revel o'er their rotting sleep,  
Without the power to scare away  
The cold consumers of their clay!"

Nor is the picture which follows this inferior to it, p. 48.

"The keenest pangs the wretched find,  
Are rapture to the dreary void,—  
The leafless desert of the mind,—  
The waste of feeling unemploy'd.  
Who would be doom'd to gaze upon,  
A sky without a cloud or sun?  
Less hideous far the tempest's roar,  
Than ne'er to brave the billows more—  
Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,  
A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,  
'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,  
Unseen to drop by dull decay;—  
Better to sink beneath the shock,  
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock!"

From the concluding part of the poem, in which the Giaour makes his dying confession, we have neither space nor much disposition to quote. Parts of it are indeed exceedingly powerful; but the great mass savours too much of Newgate and Bedlam for our expurgated pages. We do not, of course, mean to fasten any of the Giaour's sentiments upon the author. But we heartily wish that his Lordship had not endeavoured to create any spark of interest for such a wretch; and had painted his own abhorrence of these desperate and abandoned lovers in as strong language as that in which the Giaour proclaims his love.

We cannot conclude without acknowledging one obligation which society owes to Lord Byron. He never attempts to deceive the world by representing the profligate as happy. It is difficult to say which is the more hopeless and agonizing culprit—the surly "Childe," or the stormy "Giaour." We thank him for the honesty with which he thus traces causes to their consequences, in a matter of such paramount importance to human kind. None will be allured, we conceive, by his pictures to seek their comforts in the field of unlicensed pleasures, or unbridled passions. And his testimony is of the more value, as his situation in life must have permitted him to see the experiment tried under the most favourable circumstances. He has probably seen more than one example of young men of high birth, talents, and expectancies, on whom the eye of an anx-

ious country rested, and for whom the loftiest niche of distinction and the richest rewards of virtue and piety were prepared, sink under the burden of unsubdued tempers, licentious alliances, and enervating indulgence. He has seen these high pretenders to this world's good become objects of contempt to the world, of pity to the thoughtful, of sorrow to the pious. He has seen all this; nay perhaps——But we check our pen—and will conclude with a wish devoutly felt, that his usefulness may be commensurate with his talents; and that he, who has thus taught us to dread vice, may go on to display the dignity and the happiness of virtue. [Ch. Obs.

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FOR THE CHRISTIAN MONITOR.

### ON SOCIAL LIBRARIES.

In every populous neighbourhood there ought to be, and easily might be a social library. I am anxious to fix the attention of my fellow citizens upon this subject, and excite them to feel an interest in it. Let me ask the simple question, why has God made us rational and accountable beings? Is it that we may employ our faculties, and spend our lives, in eating, drinking, sleeping, and hoarding up riches without limit or object? Is it for such low purposes as these that our Creator has implanted within us the seeds of reason, fancy and taste: and has made us capable of exalted affections and enjoyments? No, surely. The mind is the better and higher part of our nature, and could never be designed by him who made it to be the mere servant of the body, the slave of mean and trifling pursuits. By our very constitution, God calls upon us to cultivate our minds with knowledge; to study, as we have opportunity, the various works of his hands, and especially his own inspired book; to the end that we may, in every thing, adore his wisdom, power, and goodness, and find a sublime felicity in these noble exercises.

Do you avow that you hate books, and care nothing about mental improvement? Well, this is candid. But be consistent. Proclaim yourself to be merely the smartest animal upon earth. Proclaim that you covet no gratifications more dignified than those of sense and appetite.



Renounce the claims of a reasonable being and a Christian. Let me be rightly understood. It is not ignorance, simply considered, that I mean to censure; for I know that in a world like this much ignorance is unavoidable. The thing that tries my patience, is the contempt of attainable information, the willing destitution of useful and ornamental knowledge.

I am aware that it is vain to talk of instituting a social library, unless the people have some previous conviction of the value of books and reading. But let not the few who feel the importance of the object be too soon discouraged from making the attempt. If a good collection of books, though a small one, were once procured, it would excite and strengthen the taste for reading. Even those who had the smallest degree of this taste would be prompted to try whether they or their children could get any compensation from the library for the money which they had laid out upon it.

You plead perhaps, that though you would like to read, books would be of no account to you for want of time to peruse them. I answer that, granting there may be a few so situated, even in this happy, plentiful country of ours, it is generally not so. I must be permitted to say, from the surest kind of evidence, *I know better*. I know it to be possible, in a life of close labour and business, to redeem many an hour for reading. Only let a love of books be cherished, a thirst for knowing something beyond the bounds of one's own chimney corner. Especially let the knowledge of religious truth and duty be contemplated as a thing of high moment. Learn to check with rigour the degrading habits of idle running about, foolish talking, and useless sleep. It will then be found, probably beyond expectation, that much time may be redeemed for the purpose I am recommending. O that I could prevail with my readers heartily to make the experiment!

You plead that money is too scarce to expend much of it in buying books.—Stay a minute, if you please. How much money do you spend annually in *liquid fire*, as spirituous liquors have been justly and beautifully called; in costly finery of dress, which fosters the silliest va-

nity; and in other luxuries, childish and useless, if not pernicious? Or perhaps you are sinking into the vile servitude of avarice, which raises the cry of scarcity and want in the midst of abundance, and so goes on crying forever. But to answer your plea more directly, I admit that the expense of a large library is not easily to be borne by an individual, unless he be wealthier than is common. To obviate this very difficulty I am advising the formation of social libraries. Take a circle of about twelve miles diameter. Let fifty heads of families, or others, within these bounds, pay five dollars a piece at the commencement, and one dollar a year additional for five years. The whole would amount to five hundred dollars. Let this money be judiciously laid out in the purchase of books on religious and other interesting subjects, to be deposited with a careful librarian as near the centre as practicable. What a rich and convenient treasure would this be to a large neighbourhood! And surely all this might be readily accomplished, if people were tolerably disposed to do it. I have seen a good many parts of Virginia in my time; and I think I am not acquainted with any neighbourhood in which such an expenditure would be felt as a serious burden. In towns, the inducements to such institutions are still stronger than in country places.

PHILANDER.

#### SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE

REV. JAMES FRANCIS ARMSTRONG,  
*Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in  
Trenton, who departed this life on the  
19th day of January, 1816.*

He was born in the year 1750, in the township of West Nottingham, in the present state, then province of Maryland. His father, who was a respectable elder in the church, and an eminently pious man, early placed him at a classical school in Fag's Manor, under the direction of the reverend and deservedly distinguished Mr. John Blair, afterwards Vice President and Professor of Divinity, in the College of New-Jersey. Mr. Armstrong, in this elementary stage of his education, was marked as a youth of prompt talents, and promising hopes. After having passed through the usual

course of the classics at that seminary, he was removed to the College of New-Jersey, in the fall of the year 1771, and entered the Junior Class. He was at that time a young man of very sprightly parts, and passed his examinations with reputation. But his father being peculiarly solicitous for his moral improvement, induced the President, the Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, to receive him as a member of his family. Here he contracted that profound reverence for his venerable preceptor which marked all his conduct in the College, and was a distinguishing feature in his character, to the latest period of his life.

In the year 1773, he was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts; and having continued to cultivate the studies of Theology, between two and three years longer, he was licensed to preach the gospel about the commencement of the Revolutionary War for the existence and independence of the American republic. A zealous friend of his country, he early entered the revolutionary army as a Chaplain; and being of a vigorous and athletic constitution, and of great bravery, as well as sincere piety, he served in this arduous war, according to the demands of duty, or the exigencies of the times, both as an enterprising soldier, and a faithful minister of the gospel; and it was not a little to his honor, that, in the midst of so many scenes of peculiar temptation, he was never ashamed of the gospel of Christ; but came through all its perils and seductions, with a character without reproach as a brave citizen, and his holy ministry unstained by any unhallowed conformity to the manners of the world.

Having received a cordial invitation to assume the pastoral charge of the Presbyterian church in Trenton, he entered upon it in the year 1785, with the humility and faith of a christian bishop. Connected with the serious duties which this office imposed upon him, he accepted the additional charge of the church at Maidenhead, and in fulfilling the multiplied services of the vineyard of his Lord he continued as his health would permit, till the period of his death. Towards the decline of life, he was visited with rheumatic affections of uncommon severity, occasioned by the arduous services

to which his active spirit exposed him, during his military career. These he bore with uncommon fortitude, and pious resignation to the will of Heaven. They necessarily created some partial interruptions in his parochial obligations.

But the zeal of his ministerial friends to serve him contributed to render these interruptions little felt. The warmth of his fraternal affections and his devotion to the service of the church, cheerfully called to his relief, whenever it became necessary, every aid which his brethren, who loved equally the ardour of his piety, and the generous warmth of his friendship, could bestow.

The character of his discourses in the pulpit was generally fervent, the principles of his theology orthodox and scriptural. In his friendships he was ardent and sincere; in his piety he was devout, keeping a register of the religious exercises of his mind for many years; and tho' firm and established in his own principles, he embraced with distinguished candor and charity, all who appeared to be the sincere disciples of his blessed Saviour.

[*Trent. True American.*]

#### STEREOTYPE BIBLE.

The Kentucky Bible Society has passed a resolution to procure a set of STEREOTYPE PLATES for printing the Scriptures. The money subscribed for this purpose they propose to refund in Bibles at first cost; and the names of all such subscribers with the amount of their subscriptions are to be published in the first impression.

#### BIBLE SOCIETIES.

To complete the number of 110 Bible Societies, mentioned in our last, as the number at present within the U. S. we should have added, 1 in Kentucky, 2 in Tennessee, 1 in Louisiana, 1 in Mississippi Territory, 4 in Indiana Territory, 1 in Missouri Territory, and 1 in Illinois Territory.

[*Recorder.*]

“A Constant Reader” has been received, and will appear in our next.

#### NOTICE.

THE monthly concert of prayer will be held on Monday next, at the Baptist Meeting-House, at half after 8 o'clock.